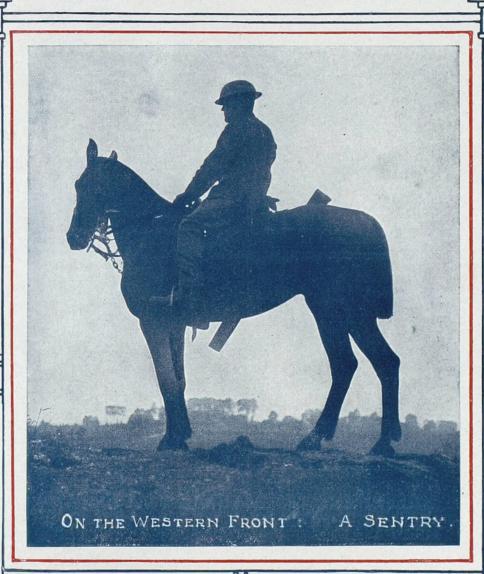
THE ILLUSTRATED

WAR NEWS





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The Illustrated London Mews

of JULY 15 contains illustrations of-

LONDON'S WELCOME TO SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

THE ART OF CONCEALING BIG GUNS.

OUR SPLENDID INFANTRY PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE ATTACKING GERMAN TRENCHES.

THE BRITISH IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE.

DESTROYED GERMAN TRENCHES.

IN A BRITISH SUBMARINE.

HONOUR TO THE HERO OF FORT VAUX.

MINE - SWEEPERS "FISHING" FOR GERMAN

MINES.

PART OF THE BRITISH FLEET ENGAGING
THE GERMAN HIGH SEAS FLEET ON
MAY 31.

BRITISH BATTLE-CRUISERS IN THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND BANK.

THE AUXILIARY FLEET AT PATROL WORK.

ADVANCING OVER THE GERMAN TRENCHES
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE BIG "PUSH."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF OUR INFANTRY.

OUR MEN IN A GERMAN DUG-OUT.

GERMANS SURRENDERING TO THE BRITISH
ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE GREAT
ADVANCE.

FRENCH ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING A MINL-GALLERY.

OFFICERS IN THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

BLUEJACKETS WHO WERE IN THE JUTLAND BATTLE SALUTING THE KING.

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Che Illustrated War News



CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH IN THE GREAT SOMME OFFENSIVE: A GERMAN 15-CM. SIEGE-GUN.

Official French War Office Photograph.

GREAT WAR. THE

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE fighting of the Allies continues in its admirable compact and progressive fashion. Pressure is being exerted not only evenly upon the opposing lines, but being exerted evenly through all the days. It is easily to be observed

that at all times our full weight is straining against the enemy's front, and this only gives place to those occasions when we give that necessary heave which carries the labouring enemy back still further. The enemy is having no breathing space; he is engaged all the time against a movement unceasing and implacable. This is observable on both the Western and Eastern fronts, both the Russian and the Franco-British forces being ready to allow the Germans to fight themselves to exhaustion, until the enemy's fatigue as well as their own striking power gives them the opportunity of breaking forward once more. Thus the line of progress is indubitably inward on all fronts, in spite of all pauses.

The most impressive of the fighting in the West this week

has fallen to the lot of the British. It has been stern stuff, concerned mainly with the consolidation of difficult positions in the face of very game counter-assaults driven forward by the enemy, and concerned, too, towards the end of the week, with another deliberative push forward that has

won more ground of important nature and hashelped to damage the enemy both morally and materially along his line. The heaviest of the engagements have taken place at the village of Contalmaison and for possession of the woods of Mametz and Trones. Contalmaison was taken by us in the first hours of the advance on July I, but



THE WIFE OF A GERMAN POPULAR IDOL, FRAU VON HINDENBURG.

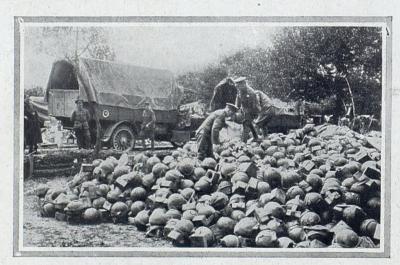
From a Drawing in a German Paper.

the Germans, having the advantage of the ground with them, were able to push us out. After staunch effort we succeeded in fighting our way over the hills, and on Wednesday the village was completely in our grasp; while a succession of

powerful counter-strokes directed against it during the following days were beaten off. In the Mametz and Trones Woods a fluctuating battle has been going on during all the week, The Germans attacked with the greatest urgency, particularly against Trones, and, though most of the assaults were broken, some succeeded, and the Germans were able to gain place into the woods. We have at no time left the enemy in idle security, and our own determination won back the Wood of Mametz in very quick time, while we pushed ahead in the Wood of Trones. This was the situation up to Friday; but on Friday, at dawn, the British offensive opened out again into a state of new and admirable vigour. The German second line, which

had held its own with some show of tenacity up to this, was swept away under the astonishing double impact of shells and men, and in unexpectedly quick time our men were able to force their way ahead through the five-mile gap they had torn in the German front as far as the out-

skirts of Pozières on the left, to the woods of Bazentin le Petit and Foureaux in the centre. and the village of Longueval and the woods of Delville on the right. The advance is even more auspicious than that which gave us the victories of July 7. In practical asset, it gives us control of ground four miles beyond the German first - line



"FOOD" FOR THE TRENCH-MORTARS DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE: PILING BOMBS IN READINESS BEHIND THE LINES.

Trench - mortars played an important part in the British advance, and the photograph suggests that there was no lack of ammunition for them.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau.

positions at Fricourt and Mametz, it has carried as well beyond the debatable Bois de Trones, has given us command in addition of such advanced woods as those of Delville and Bazentin le Petit; while we have captured the rather significant



FIGHTERS IN THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: BANDSMEN OF A ROYAL SCOTS BATTALION AT THEIR HUT.

A bandsmen group of Royal Scots, who are taking part in the fighting line in the Great Offensive on the Western Front, are seen in the above illustration at their hut in the British lines. Their regiment, the former-day 1st of the Line, won its first victories with the British Army just two hundred and twenty-two years ago over the same tract of country where the Royal Scots are now fighting.—[Press Bureau Photograph.]

village of Longueval, as well as the villages of Bazantin le Grand and le Petit. Moreover, we hold out real menace to Pozières, a village of critical value on the Bapaume road; and there are

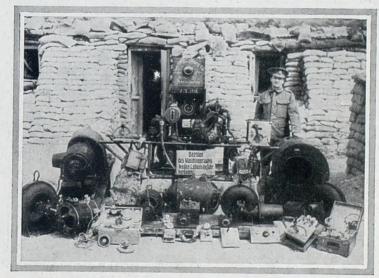
indications that we are working forward to the right of that village and are threatening Martinpuich, which is slightly in its rear. In this way we must be making uncomfortable the German line holding at Thiepval and Authuille. Better than any news is that which tells us that we actually penetrated into the enemy's third line in the Bois de Foureaux, though we have since relinquished this point. Beyond this position the country is apparently more open, and our troops should be able to gain greater play to push a finely successful advance. That the attack is obtaining some mobility seems certain by the particular attention drawn to the fact that our cavalry has, after nearly two years, been able to indulge in mounted action, and has come into contact with and defeated a detachment of the enemy. It is certain that Sir Douglas Haig is alert to the uses that cavalry can be put in even modern and

peculiar circumstances of war, and that, like the Russians, he hopes to make them responsible for the swift power of an advance if the slightest chance is offered. With our men already hammering at and into the German third line, we

have reason to expect events of great interest; at the same time. we must not minimise the defensive faculty of the enemy. He has had ample time to be prepared for just such an attack, and he owes it to his very existence to make the most of his opportunities. A point of really notable excellence is the way this second lunge has been handled. It is one thing to prepare through months to smash the first line of the enemy; it is quite another thing to prepare in the course of a few days only, and over ground that must be badly torn up, to smash in the second line. Not the least honourable part of this second victory is the admirable staffing that has passed the guns and supplies up so smoothly and swiftly that the renewed assault has gone so well.

The French, though they have been quieter during the week, have also been extending their front where it joins with our own in the Hardecourt area,

showing sign of pushing east towards Maurepas, which would give them a good advantage north of the Somme. South of the river they have carried their line to Biaches and Barleux, and, what is



BRITISH SPOIL TAKEN IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: GERMAN MINING AND DUG-OUT ELECTRIC APPARATUS.

In addition to captures of German guns and howitzers with ammunition—which, as Sir Douglas Haig says, in a despatch, will be available against the enemy—quantities of other useful spoil have fallen into our hands during the Great Offensive., Mining apparatus and electric gear for dug-outs, found at Carnoy and Mametz, are shown displayed above.—[Press Bureau Photograp]

more, have taken the Maisonette work on Hill 97—a point which gives them command of the river and Peronne itself, not more than 1000

yards away. The capture of this point was a brilliant piece of work, well in keeping with the excellence of the fighting that is showing on the whole of the Western front.

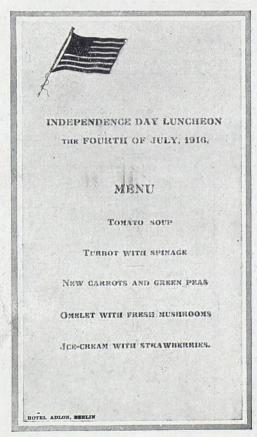
It might be said, too, that a great deal of fighting has occupied the rest of the Western line during the time under review. There has been a great deal-of raiding going on, a little by the Germans and more than a little by ourselves, and this has kept the West in a high state of tension. Our own raids took place in the Loos salient, and those of the French were placed in the Champagne; these were successful. The Germans raided at La Bassée and in Lorraine, the first being a failure, the second giving them command of a short section of line. At Verdun the attack has been actuating spasmodically. There has been more bombardment than infantry assault so far, but the infantry assaults have certainly made a little progress towards the Souville line in and about the Chapitre, Chenois, and Fumin woods. Also, after heavy fighting and heavy losses, the Germans were able to force their way into the Damloup Battery, where they cling to a precarious foothold.

To a great extent the Russians have halted their lines this week to hold off the heavy German counterassaults that have been flung against the advancing faces of the Slav attack. The most vehement of these attacks have been placed in the Baranovitchi sector, and they have followed a Russian thrust in the middle of the week which carried them over the Stokhod at several points and won back river crossings at Svidniki. Following this threat, the Germans have been fighting north of the

village of Skrobova, and by their furious determination have striven to blunt the power of the Russian drive. An offensive, too, has been



A RELIC OF A ZEPPELIN RAID: ONE OF A NUMBER OF ASH-TRAYS MADE FROM A DROPPED PETROL-TANK AND SOLD FOR THE RED CROSS.
A number of ash-trays made from part of a Zeppelin petrol-tank picked up in the eastern counties are being sold for the Red Cross.—[Photo. by Waddell.]



A "MEAT-LESS" AMERICAN BANQUET IN BERLIN:
A SIGNIFICANT MENU.

We have no wish to exaggerate the alleged food shortage in Germany, but the *menu* here reproduced is certainly interesting. It suggests at least that July 4 was a "meatless" day in Berlin. The Hotel Adlon is one of the most fashionable in the city.—[Photo. by Topical.]

engineered to the southeast of Riga in the Frantz Notwithstanding centre. the excessive losses of the enemy at both places, no success was gained, and there is little hope of relief for the hard-tried German lines, since the Russians are only waiting their time to come forward again. Meanwhile, though the front in Poland and Galicia has been quieter during the week, the campaign in the Caucasus, which has been for some time obscured by a cloud of peculiarly Turkish reports, has again developed interest, and developed it to Russian success. In their advance from Erzerum to Erzinghan the Russians have once more been able to break the Turks, turning them out of the strongly planned positions that held the heights east of Baiburt. This victory was completed by the capture of that important depôt town. In battles southeast of Mamakhatun and south-east of Mush the Russians have also been victorious, and have driven the Turks in some haste towards Diarbekir. This news will add some further distraction to the none too concentrated forces of the enemy. Italy, on her front, continues in the rôle of progress; strong and difficult positions in the Posina Valley and in the Tofana have now been reached and passed, and the Austrian resistance, though obstinate, has not yet reached a solid halting-place.

In East Africa, General Smuts has reached the coast at Tanga, capturing the railway port, thus cutting the Germans off from one of their very few points of concentration and reinforcement. Generally, then, the week has been an excellent one for the Allies all round.

LONDON: JULY 17, 1916.



Gas-Masks in an Eastern front Action.

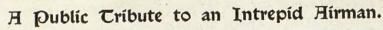




WEARING THEIR GAS-MASKS: RUSSIAN INFANTRY IN A FOREST BATTLE.

The above photograph from the Eastern Front shows something of the kind of country over which our Russian allies are operating. It illustrates a battle-incident, characteristic in details, of the infantry fighting now proceeding along great parts of the Russian front from the neighbourhood of Dvinsk to the Carpathians. A detachment of Russians, entrenched in a fir copse, are seen in action

wearing gas-masks. The combat is taking place amidst typical natural surroundings in a little wood of close-growing trees. Such woods constitute the prevailing natural feature in the forest region which extends across the swamps of the Great Plain of Eastern Europe in Galicla and Poland. Strips of open moor and patches of marsh intersect the forest belt.



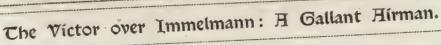




HONOURING A ZEPPELIN-DESTROYER: A MEMORIAL TO FLIGHT SUB-LT. R. A. J. WARNEFORD, V.C.

In unveiling, on June 11, the memorial in Brompton Cemetery, to Flight Sub-Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford, V.C., R.N., who destroyed a Zeppelin, Lord Derby, Under-Secretary of State for War, paid a stirring tribute to the courage of the airman. Lord Derby referred to the way in which the imagination was appealed to by the spectacle of "a man, single-handed, taking on a great opponent,

knowing full well that in doing so the odds against his surviving were indeed small, but counting it not for one minute in his determination to do what was right by his country, and by the corps to which he belonged." Among those present were Mr. Warneford's mother, Lieut.-General Sir E. Bethune, and Commodore Murray Sueter.—[Photo. by C.N.]





THE BRITISH PILOT WHO CONQUERED GERMANY'S MOST FAMOUS AIRMAN: SEC. LIEUT. McCUBBINS.

The bringing down of the famous German airman, Immelmann, was due to the pluck and skill of the brave young pilot whose portrait we give. He is a Johannesburg man, who joined the Royal Flying Corps this year, as a mechanic, but quickly won promotion. On the morning of his achievement he saw two Fokkers dropping upon the machine of his comrade, Lleut. Savage (who was killed),

and plunged down 2500 feet. His observer fired and brought Immelmann down. Our pilot was unharmed, but wounded in another encounter, and is now in hospital in France. Airmen recognise the courage and skill of their opponents; and at the squadron aerodrome were seen two wreaths, one for Lieut. Savage, the other for Immelmann.—[Photo. passed by the Press Bureau; supplied by C.N.]

"fishing"—by Explosives and for Explosives.

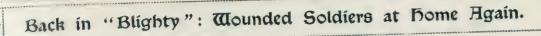




TWO FORMS OF "FISHING" IN WAR-TIME: A CATCH BY GUN-COTTON; AND MINE-SWEEPERS.

The upper photograph, taken in Egypt, shows a quantity of fish that have been blown up by gun-cotton; the lower one shows two motor-boats of the British Navy engaged in mine-sweeping. The use of explosives to catch fish is not exactly a discovery of the war—it has been heard of occasionally in the past—but the war has probably caused it to be more prevalent. Sometimes fish

are killed in this way accidentally in the course of naval engagements; at other times the explosive method is employed on purpose, in order to replenish the larder. Mine-sweeping is also known as "fishing" among the thousands of daring men of the auxiliary fleet who are daily risking their lives in this most perilous form of "sport."









HEROES OF "THE GREAT PUSH": SOMME SOLDIERS ON A HOSPITAL "ROOF-GARDEN."

The roof-garden, which was originally an American notion, has long been acclimatised in England—when the climate permits—and, as our photographs show, is used now not merely for fashionably unconventional tea or supper parties, but, with excellent effect, for giving our brave soldiers who have returned home, "gashed with honourable scars," a welcome opportunity of resting

THE BEGINNINGS OF WAR-MACHINES: AEROPLANES.

In the year 1480 Leonardo da Vinci produced what were probably the first designs of a "heavier-than-air" flying-machine. The ideas of this inventor involved the use of flapping wings like those of a bird, together with vertical air-propellers to assist in lifting the machine.

In 1617 Veranzio attempted to fly by means of a parachute (Fig. 7), and in 1678 a smith named Besnier constructed a device operated by

the arms and legs of the "flying" man with which he expected to be able to soar in the air (Fig. 8). This contrivance was, of course, quite useless in view of the fact that the muscular power of a man is hopelessly inadequate to operate any mechanical contrivance which will raise and carry his weight through the air.

It was not until the year 1810 that any serious attempts were made to investigate the principles underlying flight in "heavier-thanair " machines. In that year Sir George Cayley produced designs of a monoplane to be driven by a steam-engine, after having made a study of the effect of windpressure on inclined planes. About the year 1842 an aeroplane was made by one Henson, called the "Aerial" (Fig. 1). This machine was very similar to the modern monoplane, having one pair of fixed planes (PP) or wings, a horizontal rudder-tail (H), a vertical rudder (V), and an undercarriage provided with wheels

(W) for landing. The machine did not fly, as its steam-power plant was too heavy. Had the internal-combustion engine been available at that date, it is probable that this inventor would have made the thing a success, as he evidently thoroughly understood the principles involved. In 1843, W. Miller, M.R.C.S., in spite of his presumed

(Fig. 9) killed its inventor, a Belgian named De Groof, in the year 1874. This accident occurred at Chelsea. The machine, having been taken up by a balloon to an altitude of 3000 feet, was then allowed to fall. The inventor did his best to work the wings, but the whole thing fell quickly to the ground and he was instantly killed.

Much valuable information as to the behaviour of aeroplanes when in operation has been obtained

by the use of "gliders." These machines have the supporting wings of the aeroplane proper, but are not provided with any motive power. It is, therefore, necessary to launch them from a high level and allow them to plane down to a lower level under the influence of gravity, the air-pressure under the wings supporting them during the voyage. The first well-known machine of this class (Fig. 2) was produced in 1893 by Otto Lilienthal, a German inventor, who made a series of experiments with it, and was finally killed by it in August 1896 when flying in the province of Brandenburg.

In 1894, Mr. (now Sir Hiram) Maxim built a flying-machine driven by a steam-engine of a very light type specially designed by the inventor for the purpose. It never had a free flight, but its lifting power was demonstrated.

A steam-driven model called by the inventor an "aerodrome" (Fig. 3) was constructed by Professor Langley in 1896, and made

several successful flights in America. The total weight of this model was 25 lb., and its length over the wing-tips 14 feet. After travelling about 1000 yards at 22 to 25 miles per hour, its steam reserve was exhausted, and it alighted safely on the surface of the water over which the flight took place.



FIG. 7.—AN EARLY SEVEN-TEENTH-CENTURY EXPERIMENT: VERANZIO'S PARACHUTE—FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.



FIG. 8.—ATTEMPTING THE IMPOSSIBLE: BESNIER THE SMITH, 1678—FROM A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SKETCH.

professional knowledge of anatomy, was foolish enough to put his name to a wing-flapping flyingmachine to be operated by the arms and legs of the flier. Another "man-power" flying-machine

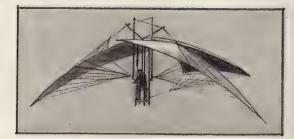


FIG. 9.—A FATAL ATTEMPT TO FLY BY MAN-POWER, IN 1874: DE GROOF'S MACHINE.

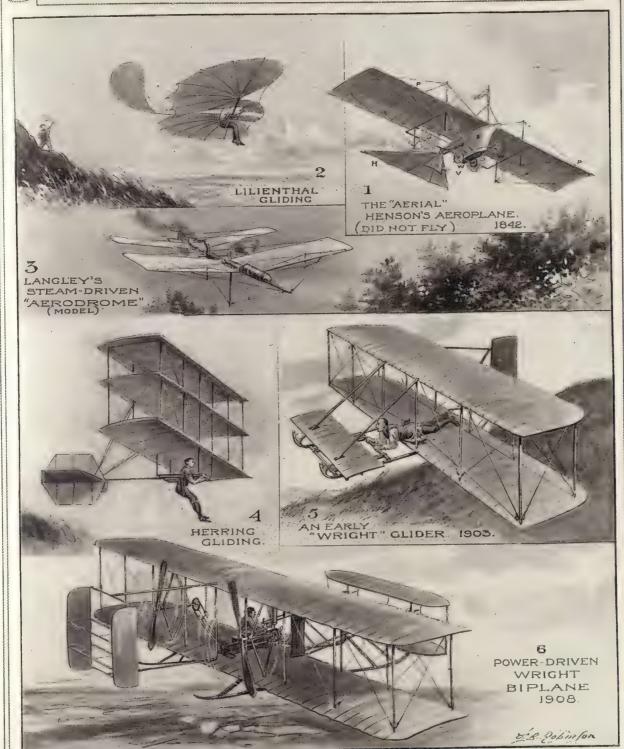
Percy Pilcher, an English engineer, built a glider in 1896, but was killed whilst operating it in 1899, although he had made many successful flights.

[Continued opposite.]



The Beginnings of Mar-Machines: Early Heroplanes.





THE EVOLUTION OF HEAVIER-THAN-AIR FLYING MACHINES: ANCESTORS OF THE AEROPLANE.

The Herring Glider shown in Fig. 4 was an American device.

The best-known machine of this class is that of the brothers

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The best-known machine of this class is that of the brothers Orville and Wilbur Wright, of California (Fig. 5), whose experiments, commencing about 1900, were carried out with great care and patience, and went a long way towards developing the modern biplane. When these gentlemen, by experiments with the Glider,

had become thoroughly familiar with the conditions under which these machines are operated, they turned their attention to a power-driven 'plane, and produced, in 1908, the "Wright" Biplane (Fig. 6), propelled by an internal-combustion engine situated amidships, which operated a pair of "pusher" screwpropellers through the medium of pitch chains.



The Great Offensive in the Mest: Captured Guns.







SOME PROOFS OF THE ALLIES' SUCCESS: A GERMAN POSITION-GUN AND A "77" FIELD-GUN.

In the upper illustration a German position-gun captured by the French is seen passing through the French reserve lines, drawn by ten horses ridden by helmeted and cloaked French artillery drivers. In the lower illustration a French General, wearing the steel helmet originally designed for trench service, but now the universal battlefield wear, is inspecting the breech mechanism of

one of the many German field-artillery 77's which our Allies have captured and continue to capture. The majority are field-pieces, 77's, but heavy pieces and howitzers are also being taken. It is known that, at least in the sector facing the British, the Germans withdrew most of their heavier artillery from the front line before the attack began.—[French Official Photograph; supplied by News. Ilius.]



H Picturesque Mar-fête in a historic Château.





FOR WAR-CHARITIES OF FRANCE: THE GLORIES OF VERSAILLES REVIVED FOR FRENCH WOUNDED.

There was something curiously suggestive in the recent revival of the ancient beauty of Versailles as it was in the luxurious era of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze. The Tableaux were given in aid of soldiers wounded in fighting German invaders of France, and many who cheerfully paid 100 francs for the privilege of witnessing them recalled that it was here that William I., in 1871,

was proclaimed German Emperor, after his entry into Paris. "The whirligig of Time brings in his revenges." The scene, too, was not without its humour, for the contrast between the hooped and flowered skirted dames and demoiselles of the dead centuries and the sturdy, kilted Scots of to-day, who gave an exhibition of their national dances, must have been piquant.—[Photo. by C.N.]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: VI.—THE BLACK WATCH.

THE GHOST-STORY OF TICONDEROGA.

It is an old and well-worn tale, but it will bear retelling once more, although it must be familiar to many readers of Dean Stanley and of Robert Louis Stevenson. Stanley's account of the legend, taken down by him and vouched for by the Campbells of Inverawe, occurs in Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe"; and Stevenson, to whose hand it was a subject made, wrought the story into his poem "Ticonderoga," which Scribner published in December 1887. The

bibliography of the tale is, however, far more considerablethan these instances; it has been much traversed by American writers, and will be found also in the works of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and Lord Archibald Campbell. The curious in psychic lore and in Celtic mysticism will find all the references in Mr. Richards' "The Black Watch at Ticonderoga,'' minutely careful monograph to which the present version is much indebted.

On July 7, 1758, the 42nd Highlanders were preparing, in the highest spirits, to attack Montcalm's position on a neck of land that runs out into Lake Champlain. But one of their

number did not share the cheerfulness of his comrades, for the discovery of the Indian name of the place, otherwise known as Fort Carillon, was to him a menace of doom. For years past, while he was still unaware that such a place existed, the word "Ticonderoga" had haunted him, for he had heard it once spoken with terribly sinister meaning. To Major Duncan Campbell of Inverawe it signified a tryst with death.

His thoughts flew back to a strange adventure which had befallen him long ago in the romantic castle of his race, that keep of Inverawe which stands beside the Awe under the shadow of Ben Cruachan, whereby the Campbells swear their binding oath. As he sat alone, late one evening, in the hall of his ancestors, there came a furious knocking at the door, which the laird opened to admit a stranger all tattered and bloody from a recent fray. Breathless with long and hard running, the man begged for shelter and concealment. He had killed a man: the avengers of

blood were at his heels. Duncan Campbell, respecting the laws of Highland hospitality, bade the fugitive enter, and, asking no questions, promised to shield him. But the murderer hesitated; he would have fuller assurance. Little did the laird suspect why his bare word was doubted.

"Swear on your dirk," said the stranger. And Campbell swore, adding, it may be, the family oath by Ben Cruachan.

He led the fugitive to a secret chamber in the innermost part of the castle; but hardly had he got him safely bestowed when again the door was assailed with heavy blows. It was a night of unbidden guests at Inverawe.



WITH SCALING-LADDERS (IN THE BACKGROUND) PLACED ACROSS
THE TRENCH IN READINESS: BRITISH TROOPS IN A SUPPORT-TRENCH
DURING A BOMBARDMENT WAITING TO ATTACK.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau; supplied by L.N.A.

This time, as the laird had surmised, he had to deal with the pursuers; but he was not prepared for their news.

"Your cousin Donald," they said, "has been murdered, and we are looking for the murderer."

Mindful of his oath, Campbell denied all knowledge of the fugitive, and the avengers went on their way.

The laird was now in an unenviable state of mind. For his oath's sake he had done well;



The Allies' Mestern Offensive: Projectiles the french Use.





THREE HIGH-EXPLOSIVE GIANTS: SHELLS WITH WHICH OUR ALLIES ASSAIL THE GERMAN FRONT.

The three French heavy gun, or howitzer, high-explosive projectiles seen above are, reading from left to right, a 420-mm. (or 16.5-in.) shell; a 360-mm. (or 14-in.) shell; and a 305-mm. (or 12-in.) shell. They show certain kinds of heavy mathriel the French gunners have used in the battle on the Somme. The enormous bulk of the two former types of shell, in particular, may be judged from the

but, unwitting, he had come to harbour beneath his own roof one who had shed the blood of his near kindred. Torn with conflicting emotions, he retired to rest in a large dark room, still shown at Inverawe, with its sombre hangings and furniture; and there Campbell tossed until he fell asleep, only to waken to new terrors.

For beside him before cockcrow stood the ghost of the murdered Donald, crying in a hollow voice, "Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer."

At dawn the laird went to the murderer's hiding-place and told him that he could shelter him no longer.

But the man appealed to the oath. "You have sworn on your dirk," he cried; and Inverawe was flung back upon the horns of his dilemma. The blood of the Campbells called aloud for vengeance, yet a Campbell's honour was at stake. Duncan, sorely perplexed, at last resorted to a compromise. Not beneath the Campbells' roof-tree, but in a case.

cave of Ben Cruachan, the murderer might lurk, virtually protected, and yet not entertained—a fine point of casuistry. So to the cave Duncan led his strange guest, and hid him there.

Next night the laird was as unhappy as before; he slept fitfully and in fever, expecting what he

"Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer."

At daybreak Campbell, greatly agitated, sought the cave, for what purpose no man knoweth. But the stranger was gone.

No sleep visited the laird's eyes that night either, and again the shape of Donald,



THE OFFICE-WORK SIDE OF A MODERN BATTLE: THE INTERIOR OF A SIGNAL EXCHANGE DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau; supplied by Alfieri.

ghastly pale, stood by him. But the accents were now less stern — more in sorrow than in anger.

"Farewell, Inverawe," said the spectre; "farewell, till we meet at TICONDEROGA!"

Where or what Ticonderoga might be Campbell had no notion; but the strange name

dwelt in his memory, and he was horror - stricken when in after years he was ordered to attack the very place. His brother officers, who knew the story well, tried to disarm his fears by telling him they had not yet reached the spot, but were at Fort George.

Their kindness reckoned without the ghost.

For next morning, the day of the fight (July 8), Major Campbell appeared with haggard looks before his comrades. "I have seen him. You have deceived me. He came to my tent last night! This is Ticonderoga! I shall die to-day!"

Not that day in actual fact, but he had his death-wound early in the

disastrous affair, and nine days later Major Duncan Campbell of the Black Watch kept his tryst with death.



CANADIANS REHEARSING A SMOKE-ATTACK: A BOMBING-SCHOOL DEMONSTRATION ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Canadian Photograph issued by C.N. (Canadian Government Copyright reserved.)

hardly dared think upon. And, sure enough, again the shade of the murdered Donald stood by the bedside and again came the adjuration—

After British Mines and Guns had Done their Work.





PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE: A MINE-CRATER AND RUINED VILLAGE.

The upper photograph shows the enormous upheaval caused by the explosion of a mine underneath the enemy's position at a certain point in the German lines during the British offensive. Several great cavities in the ground have become filled with rain-water, and formed into ponds of considerable size. A group of British officers are seen examining the results, and in the background on issued on behalf of the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.]



The Mestern front Offensive: British Bombarding-Pieces.

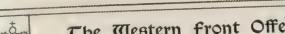




WEAPONS THAT CLEAR THE WAY TO VICTORY: A HEAVY GUN AND A HOWITZER.

One of the many similar giant guns along the British front which have been engaged in breaking through the German defence lines, and are still at work with every fresh advance of our unconquerable infantry, is shown in the upper illustration. It appears, after having just fired, a moment or two after going off, and with the cloud of smoke of the discharge still drifting away, as seen to

the left. In the lower illustration, and affording an informative contrast between the characteristic features of the two classes of weapon—one long-barrelled, the other dumpy and short—is seen a British heavy howitzer in its firing-pit, with the howitzer team awaiting orders to stand to for action.—[Press Bureau Photographs; supplied by Newspaper Illustrations.]



The Mestern front Offensive: In Our Artillery Line.







IN POSITION, AND PREPARING FOR ACTION: A BRITISH HEAVY GUN, AND A HOWITZER.

A British heavy gun, apparently not long brought up to its place for action to join in the general bombardment of the enemy trenchlines during the different phases of the British attack, is seen in the upper illustration. Placed conveniently in a clearing in a copse, it has already been partially screened from Fokker observation by boughs of leaves, and the gun-team are at work making

preparations for getting the gun into firing trim. A newly arrived, or recently moved on, British howitzer is seen in similar circumstances in the lower illustration. To be in the firing position the short barrel of a howitzer has to be elevated at a more or less ateep angle, tilted well up so as to give its shells their trajectory-curve according to range.—[Official Photographs; supplied by L.N.A.]

The Great British Offensive on the Mestern



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BRITISH HAD STORMED THE ADVANCED GERMAN TRENCHES: THE RE app

This is the scene on the battlefield at La Boisselle immediately after the British infantry attack which stormed the position had been carried through. The photograph was taken from the British front trenches—the original British advanced line and barbed-wire entanglement is in the foreground. Shells from our guns are to be seen bursting ahead, "searching out" parts remaining still

tion had rbed-wire ning still

Mestern front: The Battlefield at La Boisselle.





HES: THE REMAINS OF THE ENEMY'S FRONT LINE, SHOWING A HUGE MINE-CRATER IN THE CENTRE.

apparently intact in the German entrenchments. A wide clearance in the German defences at one point was made by blowing up an immense mine, which had taken our men many days to dig and carry right under the enemy's front. Its crater is seen in the centre; its resemblance to the crater of a natural volcano is extraordinary.—[Press Bureau Photograph; Supplied by Central Press.]



Effects of British Gun-fire on German Trenches.







BATTERED OUT OF RECOGNITION: HAVOC WROUGHT IN GERMAN TRENCHES BY BRITISH ARTILLERY.

These and other photographs in this issue show the devastating effects of the British bombardment directed upon the German trenches, as a preparation for the advance of the infantry in the Great Offensive. The scene suggests the havoc of an earthquake or a volcanic eruption. Where formerly there had been orderly and well-constructed trenches, with solidly built parapets and dug-

outs, and protected by barbed-wire entanglements, there was nothing but a confused heap of rubble and shattered timber. Everything was blown to pieces by the terrific explosions of our shells. Only thus, under modern conditions, can the way be cleared for assaulting infantry.—[Official Photographs issued on behalf of the Press Bureau, by Newspaper Illustrations.]



On the Canadian front: Arecked German Trenches.







DEMOLISHED BY BRITISH SHELLS: GERMAN TRENCHES CAPTURED BY CANADIANS.

The upper photograph shows the havoc wrought by the British artillery fire in a heavily sand-bagged section of German trenches, preparatory to an attack by Canadian treasy, who succeeded in capturing the position. In the lower photograph, also showing German trenches taken by the Canadians, it may be noted that, although the trench itself has not been rendered so shapeless as

that seen in the other photograph, the barbed-wire entanglements outside the parapet have been thoroughly torn and shattered by the action of our high-explosive shells, making it easier for the Canadians to force their way through. A successful assault was made recently by the Canadians near Ypres.—[Photographs by the Canadian Official Photographer; supplied by C.N. Canadian Government Copyright reserved.]

The Scene of a Gallant Canadian Counter-Attack.





CANADIAN HEROISM TRIUMPHS: RECAPTURED GUNS; AND A TRENCH FROM WHICH TROOPS CHARGED.

The upper photograph shows the emplacements of two forward

Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The Canadian troops charged at two and the upper photograph anows the emplacements of two forward guns in Sanctuary Wood, near Ypres, which were temporarily captured by the Germans but retaken soon afterwards by the Canadians in the course of a vigorous counter-attack. In the lower photograph is seen part of a trench from which the r4th Canadian Regiment charged on this occasion. Describing the event,



Captured by the Canadians: Arecked German Trenches.





GALLANTLY TAKEN BY THE CANADIANS AFTER BOMBARDMENT: GERMAN TRENCHES; AND A DUG-OUT.

The upper photograph shows part of the German trenches after they had been wrecked by a British artillery bombardment prior to a successful counter-attack by Canadian Infantry. The effect, it will be seen, was the same as in other parts of the German front during the British offensive. Parapets were reduced to heaps of rubble, and dug-outs were blocked up with débris. The wreckage

THINGS DONE: VI.—THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

THERE are some who consider that the existence of the Army Service Corps is all jam-plum-and-apple jam-but this is not quite the case. They have other reasons for existence. They are the people the infantry use in their best jokes, and they are also the people the Army cannot do without. The Army makes jokes about the A.S.C. in the same way that a man

lets off pleasant little witticisms about his wife. And the A.S.C. is the wife of the Army, ordering its life to that wifely rule contained in the seraphic counsel "Feed the brute."

The Army Service Corps spends its days feeding the brute, and, on the whole, feeding him with such efficiency that the food

marvels of the war has been the thoroughness of the way the A.S.C. has seen to the doing. The task is an enormous one. It is the sort

of task that makes a statistician go mad in an aureole of figures. It is the sort of task that makes men say, "If all the A.S.C. lorries were put end to end they would reach-" But why put lorries end to end? It is a task that sets men

carrying food and fodder in pounds and ounces over roads thousands of miles in extent to men in millions. The vision of the task is a vision of lorries and carts, railway trucks and ships, and lorries and carts again, travelling in an endless circle, travelling forward with



A RUSSIAN MACHINE-GUN, AND AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE. Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau; supplied by Alfieri.

is brought to the fighting men not so much in a series of meals, as in a series of miracles. The A.S.C. is the bringer-up of meals though the heavens fall. Advance or retreat, order or chaos, choked roads or communications strafed, the A.S.C. brings up the plum-and-apple jam, and whatever else is eatable in food and forage or consumable in fuel and light. Men who fight must have their several meals a day, and the A.S.C. is there to see it is done. One of the

empty, but always moving in that endless chain, as though progressing in some enormous Dantesque circle under the doom of feeding an insatiable maw. The task, and the vision of it. is Gargantuan. But the A.S.C. never seem to notice.

The plan of the A.S.C. task is the plan of the linked chain, and each link is a revolving circle of carts, trains, or ships. The carts go out collecting from different centres all the foodstuffs the huge



GERMAN HEAD-GEAR, BUT NOT GERMAN FACES! TROPHIES CAPTURED BY THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS, INCLUDING A DOG FOUND IN A GERMAN DUG-OUT, DURING THE ADVANCE.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau; supplied by Alfieri.



The Mestern front Offensive: french Big Guns





TWO OF GENERAL JOFFRE'S TITANS: HEAVY PIECES SHELLING THE GERMAN LINES IN PICARDY.

In the upper illustration is shown one of the giant guns that the

which itself is protectively coloured. In the lower illustration, French artillerymen are shown preparing to get a big gun, just arrived at its firing-point, and still roped down and with tarpaulin French use in the great Allied Offensive on the Western Front, and by means of which they are, literally, battering down the German entrenched works in Picardy. Its mounting rests on a field-railway truck. To screen the piece from overhead observation, tree-branches have been laid on the superstructure over the gun, armies require; the foodstuffs are stored in great depôts. From the depôts trains carry the foodstuffs to ports, going full, returning empty. From the ports the ships carry foodstuffs to sea-bases behind the fighting line, where the great caches of food are piled for ever, to be unpiled as quickly

SOME OF MANY SIMILAR IMPLEMENTS FOUND IN THE GERMAN TRENCHES DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE: GERMAN CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS!

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau; supplied by Alfieri.

as they grow. From these bases the radial links circle out to the fronts, by lorry and cart, carrying food up to Corps parks, returning empty. From the Corps parks, the food is taken to the Divisional depôts, the Divisional depôts separate it into Brigade depôts, and to the Brigade depôts the regimental wagons come empty and return full to the trysting-places where the company

"grub-fatigues" snatch the life-giving jam and meat and the weekly pepper ration per man for the sake of the privates. Always the links are in motion, the regimental carts always racing back full to the "grub-orderlies," the Brigade lorries always bumping back at high speed to the Brigade depôt to keep large the pile of goods from which the regimental wagons are constantly stealing. Divisional lorries are always racing back empty to get goods in time before the Brigade fellows have reduced their stores to nothing. And so along the whole chain the A.S.C. is working at top speed to keep pace with the voracity of the demand. And the miracle is the smoothness of the whole thing. The bacon-rasher appears on

the end of the bayonet over the trench-brazier without the slightest sign of flurry on its comely countenance, though it has been whitled through

intricacies of miles and men have laboured like giants to bring it to this, its just fruition.

But besides being the provider of food and the carter of every kind of cartable thing between Britain and the front—and the front is as long away as Mesopotamia, remember—the A.S.C. has

several other little jobs to do. They are the slaughtermen, butchers, and bakers of the Army also. They catch their meat, drive it to the abattoirs, and kill it, as well as preparing it and sending it to the front. In the same way, they bake the bread that goes along to the firing line, setting up bakeries (as well as butcheries) at the strategic gastronomic points in the lines of communication. Again, not content with training their own motor-men and wagon-drivers, they concern their industrious minds with the problems of remounts, though here they lose some of their Corps distinguishing marks and become admixed with cavalry and artillerymen who join them in training the young horses of the Government in the way they should go. Moreover, the Army Service Corps man is the sort of fellow who is expected to go away at any moment and drive a General

or a General's Staff, or even fill up the gaps in the Field Ambulance section. The A.S.C. privates have, therefore, to be versatile; they must know how to handle a four-ton lorry and a high-power touring limousine just as perfectly as they must know how to drive with a delicate hand over a shell-pitted road that would give agony to the wounded in the Red Cross tonneau



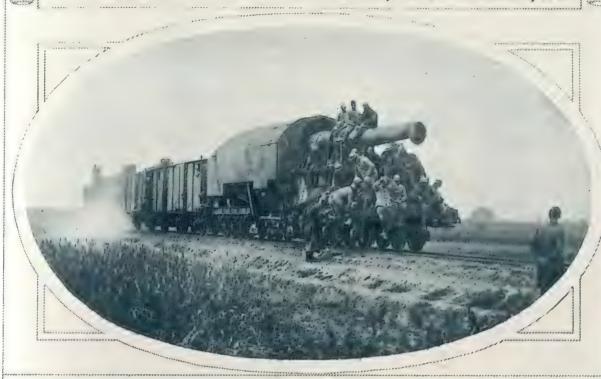
CAPTURED IN THE GERMAN TRENCHES DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE: TWO PERISCOPES WITH CASES. A TELEPHONE. A GAS-HELMET, AND A FIRST-AID OUTFIT FOR DEALING WITH GAS-POISONING.

Official Photograph issued by the Pres: Bureau; supplied by Alfiert.

behind them. And over all, though they are not, on the whole, fighters, they must know how to fight.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

The Mestern front Offensive: Enemy Trench-Destroyers.





FRENCH ARTILLERY GIANTS IN THE SOMME BATTLE: A GUN MOVING BY TRAIN-AND IN POSITION.

A typical specimen of the huge artillery that the French use in the Somme sector of the Great Offensive is seen in the upper illustration, moving to its post. A metal essemate, protectively coloured, roofs in the breech-end. Most of the big guns, both British and French, travel on the battle-front by railway, along the network of light lines which extend everywhere in rear of the



The Mestern front Offensive: france's Readiness.





AT A FRENCH AMMUNITION DEPÔT NEAR THE SOMME: SHELLS ARRIVED AND ARRIVING.

These illustrations will give an idea of the output of the French munition-factories, and the strenuous labour of the workers; also of the enormous store of projectiles that the French have amassed in readiness for the Great Offensive in the West now taking place. In the upper photograph is seen one of the many railway sidings in the Somme sector of the French battle-front. Every yard and

corner is crammed with shells of all calibres and kinds, unladen from trains which keep continually arriving by day and night. In the lower photograph one of the ammunition-trains is seen on its way, with trucks laden with big high-explosive shells, on one of the network of light railways in the French rear.—[French Official Photograph; supplied by Newspaper Illustrations.]



The Mestern Offensive: While the Guns are Busy.







THE FRENCH BATTLE LINE: POILU RESERVES IN REAR; OTHERS AWAITING TO ATTACK.

Until the artillery have completed their special work of sufficiently battering to pieces the enemy's trench-lines, and with a storm of projectiles of every calibre—mostly high-explosive shells—have practically swept away the barbed-wire entanglement defences across the front of the enemy's position along the whole space to be attacked, the infantry of the assaulting regiments, front line and

supports, have only to stand by and await the order to advance. In the upper illustration French infantrymen held in reserve to support the first attacking line, are seen resting, but ready to go forward at a moment's notice. In the lower illustration, men in the French advanced trench-line are seen at ease under shelter during a lull in the bombardment.—[Photos. by C.N.]



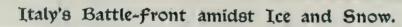
At the front in German East Africa.





CAMPAIGN NOTES: GERMAN ASKARI PRISONERS; AND A BRITISH SCOUT IN THE BUSH.

In the upper illustration is seen a batch of German native soldiers, some in uniform, captured during General Smuts' ever-victoriously progressing campaign in German East Africa. They are in a British detention camp at Arusha, one of the places where a prisoners' depot is established, behind a barbed-wire enclosure with a British soldier on guard. They are generally known as









A WAR-AREA WHERE WINTER CONDITIONS HOLD ALL THROUGH THE YEAR: OUR ALLY'S TASK.

Both illustrations on this page are photographs from the Italian Army collection of battle-front photographs which have been added to the Italian War Picture Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. In the upper illustration, an Italian field-gun is seen being transported to a firing-point high up on a mountain side, at altitudes where the snow lies all the year round, slung

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

THE ex-Minister of Munitions, in one of his outbursts of picturesque oratory, declared that it should "rain shells for forty days and

forty nights." So far, there has been no occasion for this very up-to-date form of deluge, though no doubt Mr. Lloyd George would have been as good as his words if needful. We do know, though, that for forty hours, and many more than forty hours, British big guns poured a continuous hail of steel and explosives on the German trenches not so many days ago. The victims of the "Big Push," whether our own men or enemy prisoners, declare that the fire of our guns was terrific, and that nothing like it had ever been known. As for the Germans, they have lately and very painfully acquired a wholesome respect for the might of our artillery, plentifully supplied as it is with stores of shells of every sort and description.

On the face of it, there does not seem to be much direct connection between the women at home and the

British advance in France. But the shot and shell symphony given on the fields of France the other day appealed to a wider audience than

cowering their deep dugouts, or the British awaiting the moment to advance. In England, thousands of women engaged on their twelvehour shifts in the munitionfactories worked with quickened interest at their tasks of shellmaking, cartridge - filling, and kindred jobs as the brief official bulletins recorded the increasing intensity of the

the Germans



UNDER MILITARY DISCIPLINE: A CAMP
"ORDERLY" IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

The women workers on a farm in Worcester have adopted military discipline and fall in with its rules and methods loyally. Our photograph offers proof of this salutary state of things.

Photograph by L.N.A.

British fire. After all, the great bombardment was in a measure the direct result of their labours; no wonder that its success is a matter of per-

sonal pride to every individual female munition-worker in the country.

Quite early in the war women realised that, even if they could not fight, they could help to provide the means of killing the enemy. But it took quite a long time, and a "right-to-make-munitions" procession into the bargain, to convince the authorities that women's energies could be employed in other spheres than the "workrooms" so lavishly established after war was first declared. So women were admitted to munition - factories, and now there are few processes connected with the manufacture of the death-dealing devices of modern warfare in which they do not take an active part. Incidentally, though woman has temporarily forsaken home toil for the arsenal, and laid aside the needle in favour of the lathe, there is none of the con-

fusion that Tennyson predicted would result if ever woman should prove herself possessed of head as well as heart. Perhaps the best testi-

monial to the value of women's work at munitions is. found in the fact that in one large institution where 10,000 women are already employed it is proposed to increase the number to 20,000 in the near future. In the same factory, one of the superintendents declared that he had no intention of engaging any more boys. "I dismiss about six a month," he Continuel overleaf.



ON THE GREATER SCALE: DOMESTIC DUTIES CARRIED OUT IN UNDOMESTIC SURROUNDINGS.

A humorous writer not long ago gave us a wonderfully funny description of the Horrors of Washing-up. He did not specifically include tea-things, but even they, under conditions, may be not quite the sort of work to obtain which "influence" is sought. $= \lceil Photo, by L.N.A. \rceil$



New Mork for the New Mar-Time Momen.





AMONG THE GRAPES: MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S DEFENCE RELIEF CORPS PRUNING VINES.

A question cognate to that of the suitability of women for work on the land, in and after war-time, is that of their success in such lighter branches of the work as fruit and flower growing. In these fields of labour it would seem that certain of the more delicate forms of work might be entrusted to women with advantage. Such work, for instance, as that shown in our photograph demands

a niceness of touch, a care for detail, a delicacy in handling which come naturally to women workers. Viticulture is an industry demanding close attention to weather and other conditions, neglect of which may destroy a whole crop of grapes in a few hours. The earnings of the workers who seen in our photograph are to be given to the Red Cross Funds.—[Photo. by Alfiert.]

added. "Out of hundreds of women, I have only sent away half-a-dozen in as many months."

From making shell-cases for heavy eighteenpounder shells to filling blank cartridges used for training horses to stand fire, women are playing their part in the production of munitions of war. A shell-case starts life as a rather thick round metal disc. It is placed on an iron platform covering an unseen furnace. A girl in a khaki overall and a cap turns a handle, down comes a heavy metal rod, the disc crumples like a piece of paper, disappears from sight, and finally emerges in the image of a roughly fashioned finger-bowl. That is one stage. There are about half-a-dozen others, each one of which is noisy, and during each much the same performance is repeated, except that every time the case is lengthened an inch or two, until it finally emerges clean and polished and perfect—the shell-case as we know it, that makes such a perfect dinner-gong when it is empty and such a matchless engine of death when charged with its burden of explosive.

But the charging operation is a part of the business that belongs to the sheds in the "danger" zone, where the workers wear fireproof overalls, and flat leather shoes innocent of heel and free from metal of any kind, where hairpins are anathema and the wearing of rings is sternly discouraged. Here the gigantic "cartridges" are charged with the cordite (which resembles nothing so much as a handful of bristles taken from a carpet-broom) that finally sends the projectile whistling on its death-dealing errand. Here, too, these same projectiles are fitted to the cases,



"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER!" ESSENTIAL AIDS TO VICTORY.

Among the industries in which war-time has enlisted many of its recruits from the ranks of women, that of boot-making is one of the most important. Our photograph shows some women workers with "trays" of boots for the use of our troops ready for delivery.—[Pluto. by Illustrations Bureau.]

gauged to ensure correctitude of size, and then filled with the innocuous-looking substances that suggest scented soap, whose pleasant appearance



WOMEN WORKERS FOR THE WAR: HOW OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS ARE SHOD.

The substantial and comfortable boots worn by our troops are of immense help to them in the arduous conditions of war, for they, of all men, learn "where the shoe pinches." But, very wisely, the greatest care is taken in the matter of foot-gear for the soldiers, for the matter is one of very real importance.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

entirely belies their explosive reputation. Then the fuse is fitted and screwed on—a delicate

business, where careless handling may bring disaster to all concerned—and then the shell is ready for its journey to the gunners "somewhere at the front."

That is just one fraction of the work the women are doing. There is the lighter ammunition for the rifles and the deadly machine-guns; and, while some women spend their time waxing wicked-looking little bullets, others fit the caps into the cartridge-cases, where they are punched into security by machines before being charged. Or, again, there is the tailor's shop that supplies the cartridges with their textile requisites and the workers in danger-buildings with clothes; or there is the paper-factory, where all sorts of things necessary to the interior wellbeing of shells are turned out; as well as the work on machine-tools. And in most of the buildings there is noise. But through it all the women work steadily, and, if you ask them, they will tell you quite frankly that, while the money is acceptable, the thought that they are helping to avenge our soldiers slain in the field is even more pleasant.—CLAUDINE CLEVE.

The fourteenth of July Parade in Paris.

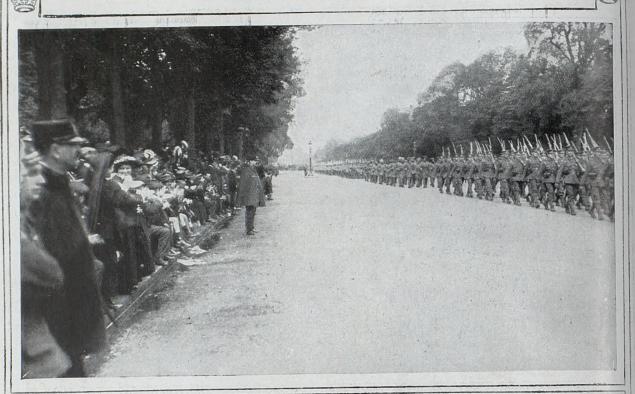




THE ALLIES' MARCH-PAST IN PARIS ON THE NATIONAL FÊTE DAY: FRENCH INFANTRY AND "75's."

July 14, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille in 1789, was celebrated in Paris this year by a deeply impressive military pageant, held at a no less momentous hour in the history of France. Representatives of the French, Belgian, Russian, and British Armies paraded through the city, in such force that they took three-quarters of an hour to pass a given point. The French troops,

An Ovation for British and Indians in Paris.

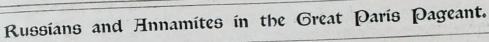




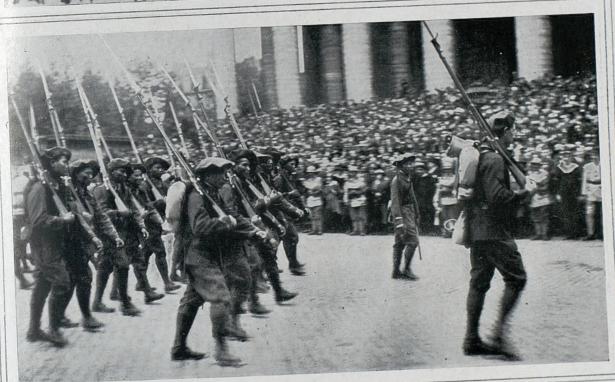
PARIS WELCOMES BRITISH AND INDIAN TROOPS: MARCHING DOWN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

The British contingents that took part in the great parade of Allied troops in Paris on July 14 received a most enthusiastic welcome. They were headed by the pipers of the Scots Guards, and among them were English battalions, Highlanders, Canadians, Australians, and Indians. To all of them the Parisians paid the same hearty tribute, and, as they went by, girls ran out to offer









ALLIES AND COLONIAL TROOPS OF FRANCE IN PARIS ON JULY 14: RUSSIANS AND ANNAMITES.

The upper photograph shows a regiment of the splendid Russian infantry marching past in the Rue Royale during the great parade of Allied troops in Paris on July 14. They marched in long lines of sixteen abreast, singing every now and then their national battle-chants. Their mounted officers saluted with their swords as they passed. President Poincaré, in reply to a message of caps of Chasseur Alpin shape.—[Photos. by Topical.]

congratulation from the Emperor, thanked him for having authorised

Belgium's Place of Honour in the Paris Parade.





THE BELGIAN ARMY LEADS THE WAY IN THE MARCH-PAST: INFANTRY AND MACHINE-GUNS.

The upper photograph shows Belgian infantry in the Rue Royale during the great march-past of Allied troops in Paris on July 14. The lower photograph shows a Belgian mitrailleuse (machine-gun) section in the Place de la Concorde. Belgium was given the place of honour in leading the procession, just as she held it in the war by being the first to withstand the invader. The well-

drilled and well-equipped appearance of the Belgian troops, and their resolute demeanour, evoked general admiration and testified to the successful reorganisation of the Belgian Army. As the Belgians came by, the shower of flowers began. The infantry were followed by the machine-gun parties, cyclist-buglers, Red Cross cyclists, and Belgian Lancers.—[Photo. by Topical.]